CAPRI ANDERSON – CHARLIE SHEEN'S BIT OF FLUFF NUDE!

www.paulraymond.com

INTERNATIONAL

100%BABES!

CAUTION: SEXY LINE, DO NOT CROSS!

SASHA ENJOYS SOME FOUR-PLAY!

PLUS:

ANASTASIA! TVX'S NEW STARLETS! MARRY QUEEN! MORE!

VOL. 40.3 £4.10

03

9 770955 181123

CONTENTS

INTERNATIONAL club
VOLUME 40 ISSUE 03

04 LETTERS TO THE LOUNGE
05 ANASTASA
12 MUSIC & GAMES
14 CAPRI
26 SASHA'S SECRETS
34 KIT BAG
35 JENNY
42 POPSHOT CULTURE
44 MARRY QUEEN
53 READER'S GIRLFRIEND
58 TALKIN' BLUE
64 OFF YOUR HEDONIST
70 THE SHAFTAS
74 PEACHES
76 SCRUFF JUSTICE
77 CLOBBER
91 VICKI

EDITORIAL

Because the entire editorial budget was blown on sending Sasha and three mates to an undisclosed hot-spot, we realised there was nothing left in the kitty for the rest of the mag. Happily, the girls were so keen on being in this issue, that they did it all pro bono. Or, to be more accurate, pro boner. They couldn't bear the thought of you loyal readers going without your monthly dose of the world's fittest women. Bless 'em all. We'll pay you next month girls. Honest. ♣

EDITOR Andrew Emery
ART EDITOR Jonathan Jenkinson
FEATURES WRITER Matt Loxham
EDITORIAL ASSISTANT Leah Musgrave
ADVERTISING Mark Hassell
PRODUCTION MANAGER Peter Hatch
PUBLISHING DIRECTOR Andy Thorp

PAUL RAYMOND
40 YEARS OF CLUB

Published by Paul Raymond Publications, a trading division of Tri Active Media Limited (PRP), 207 Old Street, London, EC1V 9NR, England. Tel: 020 7608 6300. Printed by benhamgoodheadprint Limited, Bicester. Custodian of records for PRP is Andy Thorp. Any records the publisher is required by law to maintain are located at 207 Old Street, London, EC1V 9NR, United Kingdom. Fiction: all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead. This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely that it shall not without written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, re-sold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of trade, except at the full retail price of £4.10, and it shall not be lent, re-sold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever or sold to anyone under the age of 18. All contributions, including colour transparencies and photographs, submitted to the magazine are sent at the owner's risk. While every care is taken, neither PRP, nor its agents accept liability for loss or damage. Newstrade distribution by Seymour Distribution Limited, 2 East Poultry Avenue, London, EC1A 9PT. Tel 0207 429 4000. Back numbers and subscriptions enquiries: PO Box 6846, Finchfield, Essex, CM7 4WG or call 01371 811 299. © PRP, 2011. ISSN 0955 1816.

05

44

91

"WATCH ME AND MY GIRLS
GET WILD ON HOLIDAY!"
26

LETTERS TO THE LOUNGE

Send your letters to: The Editor, Club International, The Lounge Suite, 3rd Floor, 207 Old Street, London EC1V9NR or email clubint@paulraymond.com. Best letter published every month gets £50

Dear Club,
I'm a pretty lucky woman. I have a great high-powered job as a lawyer in London, and live in a smart flat apartment in a trendy area. I'm also highly sexed and happy with my body – being a well-toned busty brunette usually gets me plenty of attention. Having a demanding job means I frequently need to wind down, generally by masturbating… with my telescope! I'll explain…

I love being a voyeur – the idea of watching a couple having sex really turns me on. Lately I've noticed a fit new neighbour in the flat opposite mine has been having various women back to his pad. I can see clearly into his place, and – as he doesn't seem to believe in curtains or even nets – I get a full view of what he's up to. It helps a lot that I just happen to have a high-powered telescope!

One hot sticky night recently I was sitting at the window naked, feeling horny, and peering through the 'scope to see if there was any action. What a thrill it was to see my neighbour's naked muscular frame positioned behind an equally naked luscious redhead on his bed! As I watched his hands stroking over her lovely tits, my fingers automatically wandered down to my pussy, and I started frigging myself off slowly while enjoying the scene unfolding before my eyes.

They shifted position, with the curvy babe now bent over to lick my neighbour's magnificent cock. I could see it twitching in anticipation as she lightly licked the tip before taking the whole length of the shaft in her mouth, and hungrily going down on him. I moaned in lust as I watched his head thrown back in pleasure at her expert technique. Squeezing my heavy tits, I imagining his hands all over me, and my fingers thrust deeper into my sopping snatch. It felt wonderful – but I wanted more. I needed my monster vibrator to try and match what this man's glorious thick cock must feel like. I quickly grabbed the vibe and returned to the telescope.

He'd flipped the redhead onto her back and was already pounding her pussy. He raised her legs up over his shoulders so he could penetrate her as deeply as possible, driving that cunt-oiled prick into her. With each thrust his fat, glistening tool seemed to get harder and more soaked with this girl's copious juices. She was loving it – and so was I! By this time I had the vibe going full speed, slamming it into my soaking fuckhole, imagining my nasty neighbour was thrusting into me. As the horny redhead writhed on the bed under his steady rhythm, the vibe brought me off to a knee-trembling orgasm. But it didn't stop there! This guy was a sex machine, and I was still eager for more!

The guy now had the girl on her side, so I could see her jugs bouncing as he pounded her from behind. I could even just about see her engorged pussy lips sucking down the length of his ramrod as he pumped her to seventh heaven. I just couldn't get enough of this action, and was frigging myself off wildly as my fanny just kept on leaking juice, making the stool I was perched on decidedly slippery. It was all I could do to keep my eyes on what was

BABE BIO!

Dear Club,
Firstly, congratulations on your 40th year of publishing *Club International*. I bought my first copy last week and will definitely buy further copies if the girls are as attractive as Pippa. I wish her every success in her modelling career. Pippa is a gorgeous looking girl and was presented very well by your photographer.

I would like however to make one request which I feel would enhance your magazine. Can you extend your printed introduction for each girl? I appreciate *Club* is a porn magazine but am sure that the girls have more interests than going down on their best mate or taking it up the arse. Please can we have broader information such as any interests, hobbies, taste in music, where they are from, previous job... anything to provide some personality. It'd also be good to know their vital statistics. Thanks again for my first issue.
Paul, via email

Glad you liked your 1st issue, Paul, it's never too late to enjoy the women of Club! As for the words with the girls – many are reluctant to share too much (in this day and age, you don't want too much personal info floating about) but we can't seem to stop them talking about sex. Maybe it's because they're always feeling horny when they're on set and stark naked! We'll try our best for you, however.

PEACH OF A TEACH'

Dear Club,
I never thought I could fully enjoy a virtually blonde-free *Club*, but the pictures of Sasha with the cane were absolutely spot on. With the tan stockings and white undies, I showed my appreciation many times. The only slight disappointment was the fact the skirt came off too quickly. Please keep up the great outfits, Sasha. I don't think it would be a bad idea to have a *Club* Sasha special wearing every sexy outfit.

My ideal *Club* would have a good mixture of blondes and darker-skinned girls in white or dressed up as secretaries. It's the variation in outfits that keeps things exciting.
J, Notts

Much appreciated J, and we've passed your kind words on to Sasha. Keep your eyes peeled in a couple of issues where Sasha does her bit for the NHS as the sexiest nurse we've ever had in these pages!

happening across the way as I rubbed myself furiously. Just as I thought he was going to climax, he surprised me again by pulling his dripping dick out of his guest's cunt for her to her lick her cum juice off it. Then, just for good measure, he began fucking her tits!

As the girl pressed her exquisite melons together around his rock-hard erection, he shuddered slightly before showering her tits and face in thick sticky jizz. His prick was still pumping protein as the greedy girl leaned forward to gulp as much of it down as she possibly could. I watched enviously as she licked her cream-covered lips and grinned up at him, fully satisfied.

I should be able to locate his flat and ask if I can join the party sometime. Much as I love being a voyeur, sometimes you've just got to get the real meat!
Kelly, London

PHOTOS: HOLLY RANDALL

NICE JUG! ♣

...but Anastasia's are much nicer!

Anastasia is a game girl. Not many females of our acquaintance would be up for stripping off – bum and everything – in the grounds of a beautiful country house. Especially when it was open to the public...

"I don't think any security saw us," giggles Anastasia, "but I did see a few inquisitive tourists peering over. It probably livened up a boring day!"

It certainly did ours.

"I quite like flashing in public, but not as much as I like sex outside. Give me some trees or a horrible car park and I can find something to do that's sexy and fun. I can't even cum in bed any more – I need my arse to be resting on a cold concrete ledge or have my knees in a pile of leaves!"

Let's just hope the coalition doesn't sell off all the woods. Where will Anastasia go? ♣

Anastasia does rude things at
www.paulraymond.com/club

ANASTASIA

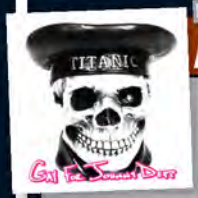
The Club International

Stereo of Filth & Love!

With Club's fanny-obsessed music madman DJ Radio Jamaica

March 2011

ALBUM REVIEWS



GAY FOR JOHNNY DEPP

What Doesn't Kill You, Eventually Kills You (Shine Box)

If your girlfriend dresses in PVC, deepthroats for over 30 seconds, and likes to be gagged whilst you're ramming a 9 inch dildo up her backside, then this could very well be the future of rock 'n' roll for you both. Hardcore, relentless, and very exciting.

BEADY EYE

Different Gear, Still Speeding (Big Brother)

Gutted when Oasis split up? Don't worry, because they are still around with the same old songs and the same old story; only with a different name and minus the big mouth. If you liked everything post *Be Here Now* then you'll be smiling; if not, avoid it like the AIDS.

CAGE THE ELEPHANT

Thank You, Happy Birthday (Relentless)

Cage's 2008 debut LP was decent and they managed to flog 400,000 copies across the Atlantic. Unfortunately, their UK fan base hasn't been quite as prosperous but this 2nd effort looks set to moisten a few British pussies with its quality garage rock tunes.

THE VACCINES

What Did You Expect From The Vaccines? (Columbia)

The students are lovin' The Vaccines so this is what you'll be listening to in between your 6 hours a week of lectures, internet porn sessions and hectic party schedule. Top tune *Post Break Up Sex* is a dance floor beauty.

ELBOW

Build A Rocket Boys! (Polydor)

They hit the jackpot in 2008 when they landed the Mercury – can they do it again with their 5th LP? Appealing to sensitive types and girls who don't let you cum on their face for the first few months of the relationship, *Build A Rocket Boys!* will not disappoint.

STUFF & NONSENSE!

Club chats to legendary Wonderstuff lead singer and guitarist, Miles Hunt...

What did you do for cash before all the music kicked off?

The official title was 'gardening assistant' but I was actually a litter picker at the Birmingham NEC. I once stumbled by mistake into a Status Quo sound check with my picking stick and black bin liner and I was ushered out rather quickly by one of the security.

Did you shag any girls on the job?

What do you think, walking around with a litter picking stick!?

What was the most random piece of litter that you found?

I was emptying the bins on the car parks one day and I saw this envelope with '70' written on the front and I looked at my mate and I was like, "It would be brilliant if there was 70 quid in there." Sure enough, there were 7 crisp tenners just sitting on the floor of the NEC car park and so we split it between us. I went straight down to the arena and bought tickets to see U2 – not because I'm a U2 fan, I can't stand them, but because The Waterboys were supporting them and I really wanted to see The Waterboys.

Where have you been that you would recommend to Club readers?

Tokyo. It's a little bit like going to another planet because you can't just pull out your phrase book and make yourself understood and I found the Japanese people to be the most welcoming hosts of a city that I've ever been to – it was brilliant. We were sat in a bar one night and these 3 well-off Japanese businessmen in suits were looking at us and were laughing and eventually one of them came over and said, "Do you like sushi?" So I said, "Yes," and he just walked away. About 20 minutes later a bike turned up with what must have been well over £100 worth of fresh sushi all wrapped up in bamboo. He handed it to us and said, "Welcome to our city!"

What is the most extravagant thing that you have done?

After the first tour of America in spring 1989, the bass player and I decided to stay in New York for an extra week. When we got home, we drove our motorbikes to Redditch where we were living in a *Young Ones*-style house and then that night we thought 'It's shit here', and so we flew back to New York the following morning. We fannied about there for 10 days and then flew back to London and the record company gave us the keys for a 5 bedroom apartment on Regents Park which is where we were to live whilst recording the 2nd album. We were only meant to be there for 4 weeks and I stayed there for 16 months!

How come they gave you the keys for the pad?

It was owned by Iron Maiden and their management. When we were recording we could either stay in a hotel or stay in a pad – it would all go on your tab and we are still £1,000,000 plus in debt!

You once played a gig in a school?

Yes. The kids had already contacted us and told us that they wanted to start putting gigs on in the theatre in their school. We had no reason not to and so agreed to do the gig. 2 weeks before the gig we got a phone call from the BRIT Awards people asking us if we could play at the BRIT Awards. We weren't trying to make a stand or anything but we had to tell them that we had other arrangements that day with a bunch of 16-year-olds! In the end, we just wanted to play to a bunch of kids at Minsthorpe High School in Yorkshire instead of a bunch of TV cameras.

Have you seen the kids since?

We played in Leeds last year and 2 of them turned up – 1 of them was in the marines and he was a fucking huge guy – tattooed up and hard as nails and you could still see the little kid's face in him. It was nice to see them again.

Go and see The Wonderstuff live throughout February, March, and April and bag yourself some nice pussy.
www.thewonderstuff.com

March

GIG GUIDE

Bag yourself some indie snatch and get her to suck you off...

ELBOW
Glasgow SECC 15th
Newcastle Arena 16th
Nottingham Arena 17th
Sheffield Arena 19th
Liverpool Arena 20th
Brum Arena 22nd
Cardiff Arena 23rd
Manchester Arena 25th
Brighton Centre 27th
London Arena 28th & 29th

FUTURES
Liverpool Masque 1st
Brum Academy 2nd
Manchester Academy 4th
Newcastle Academy 5th
Glasgow ABC2 6th
Oxford Academy 8th
Portsmouth Wedgewood Rooms 10th
Exeter Cavern 11th

FUNERAL FOR A FRIEND
Brum Academy 23rd
Manchester Academy 24th
London The Garage 25th

LEVELLERS & THE WONDERSTUFF
Liverpool Academy 4th
Cambridge Corn Exchange 5th
Lincoln Engine Shed 6th
Bournemouth Academy 8th
Bristol Academy 9th
Leeds Academy 10th
Newcastle Academy 13th
Southampton Guildhall 15th
Norwich UEA 16th
Brum Academy 17th
Manchester Academy 18th
Brixton Academy 19th

PRIMAL SCREAM
Leeds Academy 14th
Brum Academy 15th
Newcastle Academy 16th
Glasgow SECC 18th
Manchester Apollo 19th & 20th
Brighton Centre 22nd
Brixton Academy 25th & 26th

ON THE GAME

Shogun 2: Total War

(SEGA)
PC
★★★★★

Everyone talks about *Football Manager* as being the major time-sapping, marriage-ruiner of the PC world, but for us at *Club*, *Total War* is up there too. You can spend 9 hours a night, for months, and still only touch the surface – and that's with using the 'auto-resolve' button on most of the battles. *Shogun 2* looks to build on an already celebrated brand, with 3D land and sea battles taking place in 16th century Feudal Japan. With 9 playable clans, influence from Sun Tzu's art of war and the gameplay and graphics tweaks you expect from The Creative Assembly, this immersive cracker should take care of most of the next 12 month's spare time.

Fight Night Champion

(EA Sports)
PS3, Xbox 360
★★★★

The boxing game was a tough nut to crack, but one that EA cracked brilliantly with their *Fight Night* series. They ignored the button-mashing genre predecessors and in version after version have added more complexity – blocking, weaving, counter-punching and stamina conservation have always been just as important, if not more so, than throwing haymakers. They've refined stamina brilliantly here, so that certain muscle groups are punished if you over-rely on a certain punch. Both online and solo careers are still great, training is still hard, and there's still no Herol Graham. Apart from that, it's as knockout as ever.

F.3.A.R

(Warner Bros.)
PC, PS3, Xbox 360
★★★★

Ah, the raw shooting pleasures of *First Encounter Assault Recon* (*F.3.A.R* – the 3 in the title being someone's clever idea of indicating it's the 3rd in the series). As with all such franchises, the story develops in a way that's utterly baffling and not all that important unless you're the kind of person who reads computer game franchise fan fiction.

Suffice to say, the gameplay still rocks – first person shooting, horror elements, cover, endless freneticism and a trademarked 'Generative Scare System' that means the big jumps aren't always in the same place, which is a genuinely good idea for replayability. Yup, turn down the lights, turn up the volume and frag away.

PHOTOS: SAGE STYLE

HOT SHOTS!

Capri shows she's no rookie...

Most porn chicks who get embroiled in Hollywood scandals aren't exactly lookers. Capri, however, is different. The star of *Power Munch 2* and *Gag Factor 30* has already graced some of our sister magazines – what with her being a grade A cutie and what have you.

Of course, she'll probably make more money from selling her story to people interested in her recent alleged romp with Charlie Sheen which – again, allegedly – ended up with her cowering in a hotel bathroom bathroom while he went off big-style. The controversial Sheen isn't a washed-up actor – he's the highest-paid TV actor in the world, and a hottie like Capri is therefore undeniable tabloid fodder.

As for us, we don't really care what happened – we just wanted to share Capri's sunny smile, sunny tits and sunny other parts with you truly deserving *Club* readers. And, just for the record, we wouldn't mind showing her Ball Street in the future... ♣

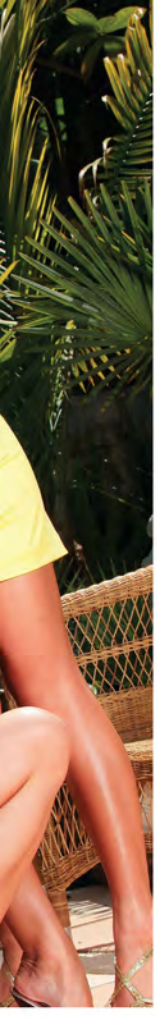
Capri goes major league only at...
www.paulraymond.com/club

CAPRI

Sasha's Secrets

Every month, Club's sensational regular girl Sasha will act out your fantasies. She's not shy – write to her and tell her exactly what you want her to do. Who knows, you might be lucky enough to get Britain's fittest lass juicing up over your letter and then making it come to life. Oh, and she gets even dirtier online, where we've got the pics we can't show you in the mag!

Sasha



Sasha's Secrets

Oh fuck, I really, really love trips abroad with the girls! Yes, we're not exactly top of the charts for visiting ancient sites and finding out about local customs, but we're definitely number one for throwing wild sex parties! Whether it's us four getting kinky by the side of the pool or those occasions where we go and snaffle a couple of local blokes and give them the time of their lives, it's always sexy fun. After all, who needs sun cream when you can have pussy cream and cock cream every single day?I can't wait to get back on holiday with my horny girlfriends. Look out for us, boys, and you too could receive an invite. It's better than Willy Wonka's golden ticket! ♣

Sasha and girls get really hard only at...
www.paulraymond.com/club

Dear Sasha

Wow. Where do I enrol? You as a teacher was a dream come true for me. I've written to nearly every Club regular girl over the years asking for exactly that, but you're the first one who's done it exactly the way I wanted it. I had a crap time at school, but I'd happily go back to those days just for a chance to learn some lessons from you! *Matt, Pudsey*

Hi Matt. I loved every single second of doing that shoot, I can tell you! I've always loved dressing up for sex if it involves a bit of role play, and the idea of a room full of grown men in shorts, their hard-ons straining the material while I tell them what to do had me rubbing my pussy every few seconds. Of course, I'd break every rule going by getting on my hands and knees and wanking them all off. Good job I didn't choose teaching as a career!

Dear Sasha

Me again, your number one fan! Your pics as a teacher were truly amazing. If I was to have a fantasy about you, I'd be in love with you as your pupil. You'd give me detention. After school you'd be telling me to write my lines in a low-cut top revealing your sexy boobs. You look at what I'm writing – it says 'teacher is a sexy bitch'. You'd bend over, giving me a lovely view of your buttocks, while my rod grew looking at your tits...
Simon, Brighton.

Simon, your letter was so horny that I don't want to share it with the Club readers. I'm going to be selfish and keep the rest of it – especially that bit about fucking my arse – to myself. Whenever I feel horny this month, I'm going to read it and have a big wank over it until it's covered in my juice!

Sasha's
Secrets

SASHA

club's kit bag

The page that misses Rumbelows

Hanns G Monitor

Transit

Revo AXiS

Revo AXiS

£199

www.advancedmp3players.co.uk

Companies love calling gadgets things like AXiS, and spelling them in different cases. It makes them feel good about what they do, it makes it seem like life-changing science. Well, the Revo thingy (I'm not playing their game) is actually a good thing. It's an iPod docking station and, while the world isn't exactly crying out for more of those, to be perfectly honest, it also pumps out the music you've got on your PC via Wi-Fi, and is equipped with DAB, DAB+ and FM radio. And unlike many of its competitors, it doesn't do all this stuff through a tinny speaker – the 8W amp punches above its weight and delivers some real oomph. And at this price, what more do you want?

Pros: Good features, good heft and a pretty good price.

Cons: Falls between a few stools, featurewise and doesn't compete with the real high-end docks.

Tokyo Flash Transit

£66

www.tokyoflash.com

One of *Club*'s regular contributors has a collection of watches that look truly amazing. Unfortunately, every time we ask him what hour of the day it is, he bleeding well can't tell us, such is the space-age complexity of the watch. Well, he'll love this, won't he? Tired of eating raw fish and groping girls on the bullet train, those crazy Japanese have got their heads together and created a watch where the time can only be worked out by looking at the number and position of LED's when they're lit-up. Pointless, but nice in a 'the planet is going to end very soon' quite way.

Pros: It's a talking point, if you want to talk about watches.

Cons: Hard to tell the time. On a watch.

HANNSG HS233 3D

£279

www.misco.co.uk

Here at Kit Bag, we're not entirely sold on 3D. As many people will tell you, for all the 'ooh, it's floating in front of me' joy of 3D, it's actually bad at quite a bit of stuff as well. Still, tech and film companies are pinning a lot on it and HANNS, one of our favourite monitor-makers, are bringing this to market. It's a pretty sweet full HD 23" monitor without the 3D capability, and the 3ms response time is bleeding edge at this price. The growing amount of 3D content in the world is PC friendly, so if you're not bothered about a big 3D telly in your lounge, and want a decent monitor anyway, this might be for you.

Pros: Good, big monitor, nice styling.

Cons: 3D is a bit Emperor's new clothesy. ♣

PHOTOS: VLT

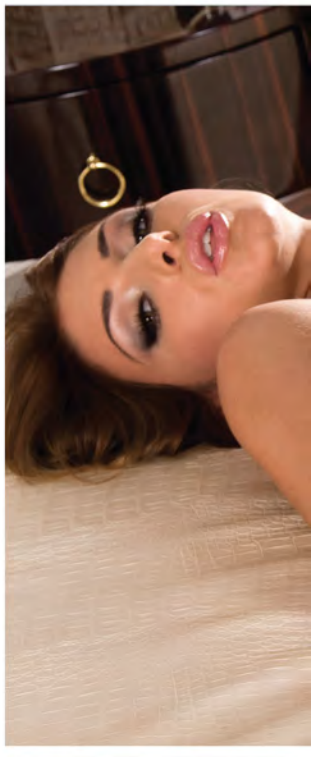
LAID IN BRITAIN! ♣

Jenny flies the flag for fuckers...

When Jenny appeared in *Club* 39/11, we couldn't speak to her, so we imagined that she was a really horny sexpot. Well, we hit the jackpot. We were so, so right.

"Oh, you hit the nail on the head," says the Brit who boasts sex, dancing and books by Neil Gaiman as her major passions, in that order. "If only it wasn't true, but I'm a dirty girl at heart! When I had these photos taken and I was stretching myself open, I was desperate for a big cock in either my pussy or my arse. Or, best of all, both at once. I had to go home and wank myself sore. I get seriously cranky without sex!"

Yep, we know our girls alright... ♣



JENNY

POPSHOT CULTURE!

YOUR GUIDE TO THE WORLD OF FILTH ON THE INTERWEB. BUT IN A MAGAZINE, NOT ON THE INTERWEB. JOIN MATT SANDERS IN THE MEDIUM OF PRINT AS HE DELVES FOR SMUT ONLINE. CONFUSED? FAIR ENOUGH.

PORN STAR RETIREMENT HOME

Where we look back at the cock-slurpers who hung up their chaps...

No. 7 – STACY VALENTINE

Born in 1970 and raised by adoptive parents, Stacy Baker from Tulsa won a modelling competition in a magazine and followed it up by appearing in *Hustler*. Before long, she was jetting across the globe to do photo-shoots, experimented with a few boy/girl pictorials and then one day in 1996, packed her bags and moved to California to be a porn star. She amended her surname, got big boobs and spent the next four years fucking her way through the industry, gathering a clutch of awards for her buoyant sexual performances. I wistfully recall knocking a few out to her charms back in the day, in mag and video form – her enhanced tits were a sight to behold, and she always looked like she was enjoying the donging she was getting. Stacy quit in 2000. A documentary was made about her, named *The Girl Next Door*, which won awards for its probing into the realities of the life of a porn star without glamorising or demonising the subject. She works for *Penthouse* today, as a director and model recruiter, and admits to having enjoyed her time as a fantasy figure, but is happy leaving it all behind. That's the kind of happy ending we like here at *Club*. Oh, and the ones you sometimes get at massage parlours if you ask nicely.

BIRD OFF THE BOIL

YOU WOULD, WOULDN'T YOU? OR WOULD YOU?

THIS MONTH: Sarah Palin

Don't pretend you haven't thought about it. She's stupid, homely, bursting with wrong-headed opinions, a god-botherer, loves guns, spouts shit at every opportunity... but yet there's something a bit MILFy about her. You wouldn't want to hear a peep out of her before or after (and you'd want any discourse during the act to remain strictly along the lines of "put your penis in me please") but if you're anything like me (and if you're reading this magazine that means you and I have a LOT in common), then you'd wanna know what it'd be like to hump this right-wing crackpot. She's teetering on the edge of looking like a crazy librarian, but there's something bonkable about Palin. Just please God (even though you don't exist) don't let her anywhere near the White House. Not even on a tour...

Come and follow me on Twitter: @popshotculture I want to share my nasty little world with you...

NEWS OF THE SCREWS

YOUR MONTHLY ROUND-UP OF THE BIG STORIES IN THE PORN BIZ

One Last Boobjob

German internet porn star Sexy Cora sadly died in January of this year at the ripe age of 23 after a failed boob job. The tattooed porn star, who became famous after appearing in the German edition of *Big Brother* last year, was receiving her sixth boob augmentation when she went into cardiac arrest and then a coma. She couldn't be resuscitated, and the two doctors who performed her surgery have been charged with manslaughter over her death. RIP Cora and your enormous breasts.

The Pimpsons

It had to happen. After the glut of porn parodies we've seen over the last few years, with ever more outlandish titles coming our way (seriously, who asked for parodies of *Seinfeld* and *The Human Centipede*? WHO?!??!) the ultimate nuclear family have just been rendered in full hardcore. *Simpsons: The XXX Parody* has just become available, so you can finally watch Marge lift that green skirt and show Homer her frosted doughnut. The entire cast are yellow as you'd imagine, there are cameos from much-loved characters (Flanders, Barney Gumble and Moe all show up) and, well, as with all ventures of this kind you'd have to be a bit mental to wank off to it.

jizz on my twits

THE BIT ABOUT BABES WHO LOVE TO BLOG...

What's got big boobs, chocolatey skin and a lovely fanny that it would probably be a lot of fun to put your wanger into? Weird, you guessed it first time: it's Vanessa Blue, the buxom star of a wealth of porn movies, director of a few more, and owner of her own bunch of naughty websites, even going as far as doing the coding herself. Wow. She's a geek, an entrepreneur and a fuckslut rolled into one very humpable bundle, and spending a little time following her on Twitter reveals a person who is a) savvy at marketing, b) politically engaged and 3) not prone to sexy talk, or yapping on about puppies and food, or given to banal outbursts on the world at large. Like 93% of ladies in her industry are once in a while likely to fill their timeline with. Let's see what's been on Vanessa's mind this past few weeks:

"I remember when I was in Italy, the world news was everything. Here in the US it seems like anything beyond our borders is immaterial."

"I am really thinking that more kindness needs to be encouraged in this world. It sucks that it has to come to that but we need more of it!"

"Someone needs to invent dog breath mints that actually work! Sheeesh!"

"So what do you guys think about the UK govt. blocking all porn sites? Where are all my UK followers? What are you guys going to do now?"

Okay, we're not entirely sure where she got her info regarding the UK government blocking all our porn sites but it's nice to know she cares enough about her industry to fight for it. Following her at *www.twitter.com/Vanessa_Blue* will give you an insight into how a star and director handles their business. And also, you get to see her lush tits every now and then.

Top Five...

Sexy Funny Girls

They make you laugh AND give you a boner. What's not to like?

5: Tina Fey

She might pretend to be all dowdy and awkward and incapable of handling men on *30 Rock*, but we all know Tina's got a cracking rack and a pert butt. She's a nerd too, which is always a bonus. If she was a cock fiend, it'd be all gravy.

4: Olivia Munn

You may have caught her on *The Daily Show* on More4, as one of Jon Stewart's news team. If you have, you'll agree that she's got a killer body, a wicked sense of humour, and exotic looks up the wazoo.

3: Gillian Jacobs

This willowy blonde plays Britta in the brilliant US import *Community* (shown on Viva over here) and once you get hooked by her razor-sharp cheekbones and wide eyes you'll want to be her buddy. The kind of buddy that does fucks.

2: Jaime Pressley

Is *My Name Is Earl* even on any more? We gave up on it a few years ago, not because it wasn't funny, but cos it just seemed repetitive. But one reason we might pick it up again is to see Jaime star as Joy, who so brilliantly fills out a pair of hotpants.

1: Sarah Silverman

A filthy mind, a comedy genius, and possessor of a big pair of boobies too, the gorgeous Sarah might not be the kinda gal you'd take home to see your mum confidently, but you wouldn't really want your mum to see the kind of things you'd like to do to her anyway, would you? Or would you, you sicko?

PRICKIPEDIA

THIS MONTH: THE CUNNY EDITION

The average depth of a vagina is between 3 to 6 inches (which is just as well considering the number of blokes who lie about their knob size)

The largest vagina on record belonged to a woman who was 7'8" tall (apparently. I'm not making this up, you know)

The longest clit was recorded at 4 inches long and 1 inch in diameter (please don't feel bad if that's bigger than your cock)

The vagina and the eye are self-cleaning organs (but it's advisable only to put your ding-dong in one of those)

Orgasms relieve menstrual cramps (up there with "sperm is full of vitamins" and "sex cures headaches" if you ask me) ♣

PHOTOS: SCOTT WARD

CROWN JEWEL! ♣

Marry's got a queen of a quim...

It's easy to be sidetracked by Marry Queen's beautiful face and incredible, all natural, suckable and squeezable boobs. And we have been. But Marry is determined you don't overlook what she sees as her favourite feature.

"Guys spend ages pawing and sucking my boobs, when if they ventured down to my pussy, they'd find it's the tightest they'd ever tried," she tells us.

We didn't get to put it to the test, but it definitely looks the real deal.

"Anything bigger than 5 inches and it's lube time – I've just got a tiny twat. Men have to hold on not to spunk in it really quickly. It's great for me – any dick fills me up and makes me cum, so I'm having orgasms all the time."

The proof of the pudding... ♣

Don't tarry, meet Marry over at...
www.paulraymond.com/club

MARRY

INTERNATIONAL
club

READER'S GIRLFRIEND

Fancy a Reader's Girl slot? Then send a picture, along with your name, address and a contact telephone number to: Readers' Girls, Club International, 3rd Floor, 207 Old Street, London, EC1V 9NR (or email clubint@paulraymond.com).
If you've got the Club look you'll get a top photo shoot and a £250 cheque, too!

NAME: Heidi **AGE:** 19
FAVE SEX: Lots of it!
WHAT'S SHE LIKE? A virtually irresistible sexpot.

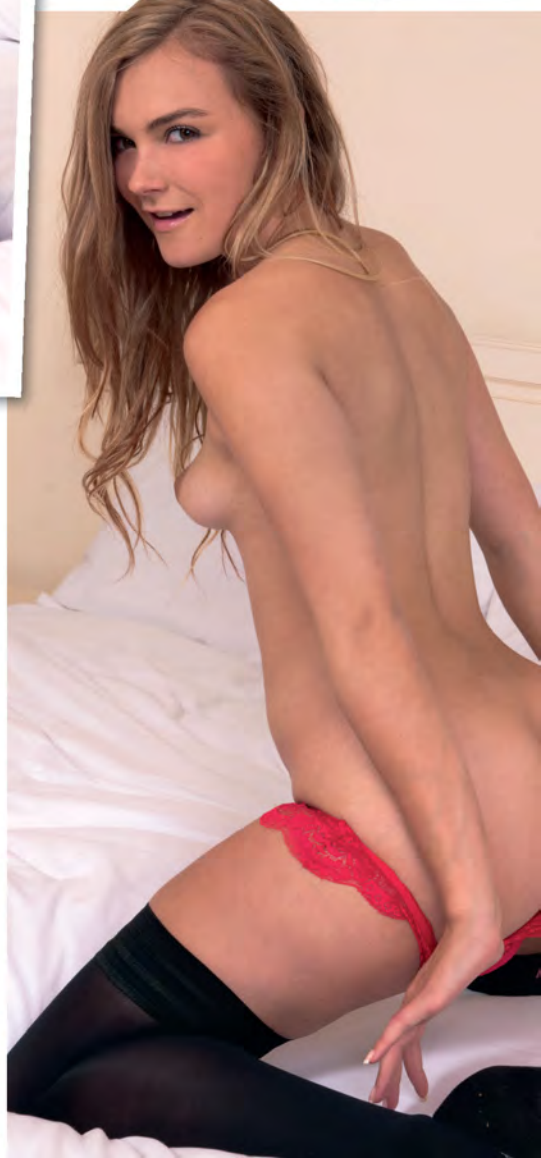
WHY DID YOU WANT TO APPEAR IN CLUB INTERNATIONAL?
A girlfriend of mine was in it once and she said it gave her a modelling career and her sex life went through the roof. Either of them happening is fine by me!

AND THEY BOTH WILL.
That's sweet of you to say so. I just got out of a long-term relationship and forgot how wild sex can be. I'm rediscovering it and I hope some sexy letters from *Club* readers can inspire me.

WHAT'S THE BEST THING YOU'VE 'REDISCOVERED'?
Getting out of a rut is nice, and I've discovered I've got a bit of a bisexual side. I've got a couple of female fuck-friends now, and I'm hoping for a threesome with a girl and a guy soon.

CAN WE VOLUNTEER?
Well, I need plenty of volunteers, because my sex drive is through the roof. I'd got used to twice a week with my boyfriend, but now I want it twice a day and not everyone is up to that.

AND AS FOR THE MODELLING?
I'd love to be in lots more magazines and do some newspapers too, but I don't plan on being a porn star. Then again, I've got some kinky ideas, so maybe I'll go into directing porn films instead! ♣



HAVE A DAY OUT WITH A TOP PHOTOGRAPHER, GET YOUR KIT OFF AND MAKE £250!

READER'S GIRL APPLICATION FORM

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

PHONE NO. _____

AGE: _____

BRA SIZE: _____

HAIR COLOUR: _____

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN IN A MEN'S MAG BEFORE? _____

IF SO, WHICH ONE? _____

WHAT DO YOU LIKE MOST ABOUT CLUB? _____

PLEASE TICK IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO BE ON OUR MAILING LIST ☐

Send to: Club Readers' Girlfriends, Club International, 3rd Floor, 207 Old Street, London EC1V 9NR

Please enclose a recent photograph of yourself, preferably nude, in underwear or a swimsuit.

Alternatively you can email your photographs and details to:
clubint@paulraymond.com

TALKIN' BLUE

Got an experience to share? Then send it in to Talkin' Blue at the usual address and if it's up to scratch you'll bag yourself £50!

KNICKERS TO KNICKERS!

I really want to be faithful to my boyfriend but I don't always succeed. So, recently, when I went to a friend's party, I promised him I'd keep my knickers on. I didn't break that promise, but that doesn't mean I didn't fuck around. I met a bloke, told him what I'd promised and he agreed to work around it!

My knickers didn't leave much to the imagination, being white, tight and skimpy – then half-transparent as my shaven pussy juiced into the fabric. He sat me on the sofa, then began rubbing his dick up against them, all over the mound and then down the narrow crotch of them. That made me horny enough, then he pulled them tight into my slit. Now the tip of his dick was up against the lace, but the ridges on his helmet were catching my puffy lips, all wet and swollen because he'd got me so excited. He was in much the same state, the pre-cum dripping from his dick dotting my underwear wherever it touched.

Now he was rubbing it up against my clit, the material helping build up friction. My crotch was so skimpy over my pussy opening, and it was tormenting him. Me too.

He used his little finger to pull it sideways, and said that really, my pants were still on. His cock was poised less than an inch away, and I gave in, telling him to fuck me before I changed my mind. I am a good girl most of the time, but when I want dick that badly, I'm really bad!

Still, the instant that hard prick sunk inside of me, I knew I wouldn't have any regrets. As he started grinding in and out, rocking his hips side-to-side as he thrust, his meat was teasing every inch of my twat, and as he thumbed my clit, I felt myself get close to cumming.

I held back – if I was going to be unfaithful I'd make the most of it. Then I felt the heat, the pleasure, begin to build inside of me, and suddenly I was cumming like crazy. He buried his dick deep, staying inside of me until I couldn't cum any more. Then he pulled out, trailed his wet tip up along my body and got me sucking on him, saying I should swallow the evidence. One big serving of cock-cream later, I went home.

I told my man that my knickers were wet from me thinking about giving him the fucking of his life. I think I came close to that – maybe a little guilt can spice things up?

Beth, Nottingham

EXTRA CREAM!

Recently, I got some new body lotion – it felt and smelled great but looked so exactly like jizz I came out of the bathroom with squirts of it on my tummy to show my boyfriend, Frank! His mate, Mike, was at our place too, but I knew him well enough to know he shared our dirty sense of humour. Sure enough, he suggested wanking off on me to compare, and it ended with Frank tearing open my blouse to, "really give Mike

something to wank over," then me stripping topless to spurt more lotion on my boobs.

As I massaged my tits, feeling them slip and slide through my hands, Mike unzipped and began to beat his meat. I smothered my palms with lotion and grabbed his prick, rubbing it, so he took over fondling my boobs. "Stick it between 'em," said Frank. Mike shoved them hard together around his dick, and the look on his face said it all.

Even the noises as his prick humped in and out of my tits were a huge turn-on, but now Frank was teasing me too, spidering his fingers up my inner thighs, making me wait, till finally they reached my pussy. Even then he just teased my lips, so I told Mike to fuck my tits slower.

Frank dripped lotion on my crack, just to see how it looked, then ploughed his dick into my fanny, pumping hard and speeding up. I loved the feel of Mike screwing me between my boobs, but the real turn-on was the sight of his deep-purple helmet, so smooth and shiny. I grabbed his shaft, then opened my mouth to suck him.

He fucked my mouth and that just spurred Frank on to fuck me harder, holding my arse so it buffered the impact and I could keep on gobbling Mike. Not that Mike could take much more. I got the first jet on my tongue, then spit him out and wanked him so the rest of his load sprayed out everywhere.

The top half of me was running with the stuff, shortly followed by my back and arse as Frank pulled out and popped his own load on them. Then they decided it would be funny to splatter me with the rest of the lotion. Not that I cared – my skin was ultra-soft by the time they finished fucking me. Plus they're going get me a new, giant-size bottle!

Tina, Daventry

> **"I got the first jet on my tongue, then wanked him so the rest sprayed out"**

DYKE WITH A DICK!

First rule of the internet – people you meet online may not be who they seem. But I never suspected 'Superstud' would be a girl named Renée! When we hooked up in the real world in a pub, she came clean and apologised for lying to me, but said she'd had to see if I was as sexy as I seemed from our horny chats. I forgave her, and more – this was all about fantasy and adventure, not being devious. She told me I was so petite and pretty, she'd love to fuck me with a strap-on, be the bloke. And I said yes.

Her hair was cropped quite short and she'd worn quite dowdy clothes for our date, but naked she was all woman, with pert C-cup boobs. Then she strapped on a big dick. She told me to shut my eyes, see how it felt, and as I spread my thighs, it slipped into my wet pussy like the real thing – just even bigger and harder. I could really have been taking a man's dick, but then she leaned in for a kiss and I felt those boobs press up against my body.

As we broke our smooch, I opened my eyes again, felt my pussy clench at the sight of her tits. Then I grabbed them, sucking hard on her nipples. That sent a shock through her, to her hips, and she bucked the dildo sharply into my cunt. She gave me a smile, like I was forgetting who was taking the lead here, so I laid back, spread myself even wider and let her slam into me, hard as she could.

I didn't orgasm from that pounding but then she leaned back, breathing heavily, the head of it still inside of me. The second her fingers touched my clit it began to tingle, then every muscle in my body tensed, before the pleasure juddered through me.

I squeezed my cunt hard around that big dick. Then I got another mouthful of tit, sucking hard while she ground the toy into me again. She said she'd fucked me on my back because she wanted to see me, but that in most of her fantasies she was giving it hard to a girl from the rear. I got in position but, even then, she still had a surprise for me.

Renée was playing with my cunt from behind but, as her dildo penetrated me, she used her wet fingers on my arsehole. Next thing, she pulled out and grabbed some lube from the nightstand, wetting my crease, then working her fingers in and out. I moaned out loud as she slipped her toy inside of my arse, then fucked me slow, reaching around to massage my clit again. This time I didn't cum so hard but I came long, sweat dampening my body as it flushed with pleasure.

I'm glad I didn't know the truth about Renée. I was looking for men, not a dyke with a dick, so

I may not have responded to her. Lucky for us both I did, though! *Joanne, London*

DUELLING DYKES!

Sometimes sharing a flat can just get too close for comfort. A few months ago I moved in with Lizzy, shortly after she'd split up with her last boyfriend. The house rule of 'No men' was fine by me. The flat was cramped, but still I never expected one afternoon to walk in on Lizzy sprawled half-naked on the sofa, getting herself off watching a porn film. It took me an eternity to turn on my heel and leave the room!

I felt kind of haunted by seeing Lizzy so intimately exposed, but she soon broke the ice, explaining that the DVD belonged to her ex-boyfriend. We kissed and made up, then made a date for a girly night in. I suggested it might be fun if we watched the porn together.

Now, let's get this straight. I've never considered myself a lesbian, although it had been a while since I had men dude grunting on top of me. And for the moment, women just seem less complicated; more intense. Lizzy was more intense than most, with her sweet face and curvy body. Her arse and boobs were delectable, and I could only imagine what treasures lay between her creamy thighs!

When film night came around, we downed plenty of chilled white wine before dipping into the seedy pornographic imagination of Lizzy's ex-boyfriend. As much as I might ordinarily be unmoved, watching all that moving, moaning flesh while sitting next to minxish Lizzy got me feeling kind of frisky.

"Bloody hell, that's hot!" Lizzy said in a husky tone, her eyes fixed on a porn star strumming her clit while watching her another girl ride some man's big dick, screaming in lust. Then Lizzy giggled as the two screen sluts got it on together. "I adore watching two girls do it," she said. "What about you?"

"I need to change my panties," I replied.

"I know what you mean," said Lizzy, more seriously now. "I feel really fucking horny…"

When the moment came, it was easy for me to just spread my bare legs and let my short skirt ride up to reveal my skimpy panties. I started to stroke myself, right in front of Lizzy's lust-contorted face, as she unfastened her bra and began to caress her own fulsome tits. Tugging my knickers aside, I held my cunt lips open for her to see as I scooped up some cunt cream with my fingers, which I then slid between Lizzy's pouting lips. She licked my love juice from my fingers, and then we fell into each other's arms.

"Touch me," I panted, just before Lizzy thrust her tongue into my mouth. I unzipped her lo-slung jeans, and slid a hand inside her skimpy panties, down her smooth denuded mound to her clit. She groaned, wrenching my panties down my thighs, a hand shoved between my legs, another grasping my bum. Eventually, Lizzy wriggled out of her own jeans as I worked my way down from her stiff nipples to her tummy and beyond, down on my knees between her open thighs, my tongue flicking her clit, my fingers churning her cunt cream.

"Oh fuck," Lizzy gasped as I licked her labia, her hips bucking as my tongue probed her hot gash, her thighs seizing my skull like a vise. "Eat me," she groaned as her orgasm rose within her. With her quim cream coating my tongue, I made her cum.

But it wasn't all over yet. "I've something special for you," Lizzy purred, reaching beneath the sofa for her bag. It was big, it was pink, and the familiar electric buzz of the vibrator made me shudder in anticipation. She started using it on my nipples, but soon moved down to my pubic delta. She teased my clit to distraction, and as I started to ride the first wave of my orgasm, she pummelled my pussy with the vibrating prick. "You like the feel of my cock, sweetie?" she hissed in my ear as my climax ripped through me.

> **"Tugging my knickers aside, I held my cunt lips open for her to see with my fingers"**

We'd outpaced and outlasted the porn FILM, and the night had barely begun. That's because the sisters of Sappho have true stamina, I thought, as I lowered my twat down onto Lizzy's face, breathless as she took her first taste of my cunt. And when I dived into her muff, I decided her cute little arsehole might also appreciate some attention from that vibrating love toy. She wouldn't need any more boyfriends to make her scream like a porn star!

Naomi, Leicester ♣

INTERNATIONAL club

OUR BABES GET RUDER ONLINE. JOIN THEM!

HARDCORE VIDEOS – YOU CAN ONLY SEE THIS STUFF ONLINE!

1,000S OF GIRLS THAT HAVE FEATURED IN PAUL RAYMOND PUBLICATIONS!

www.paulraymond.com

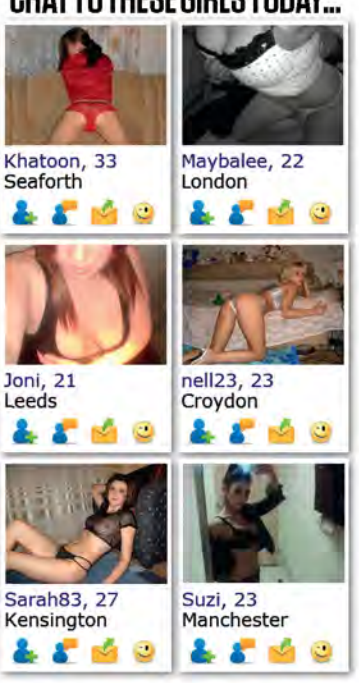
IF YOU WANT TO SEE A BIT MORE YOU CAN GET ALL OF THE GIRLS THAT HAVE BEEN IN MAYFAIR, MEN ONLY, CLUB, ESCORT, RAZZLE AND MENSWORLD AT PAULRAYMOND.COM – FOR ONLY £14.99 PER MONTH!

DESIRE

ONLINE DATING
www.desire.co.uk

100% FREE TO SIGN UP
you COULD FIND SOMEONE TODAY!

CHAT TO THESE GIRLS TODAY...



WWW.DESIRE.CO.UK

FIND YOUR PERFECT MATCH
OUR COMPATABILITY PROFILER WILL FIND YOUR IDEAL PARTNER

1000s OF MEMBERS ONLINE
FOR YOU TO SEARCH THROUGH AND GROWING EVERY DAY

MEET WOMEN OF ALL AGES
THERE REALLY IS SOMEONE FOR EVERYONE!

OFF YOUR HEDONIST

Who needs Sky Atlantic with this lot? Erm, us actually...

RATINGS: ★ BRAINTREE ★★ BRAIN DAMAGE ★★★ BRAINSTORM ★★★★ BRAIN DEAD ★★★★★ THE MAN WITH TWO BRAINS

Brain Dead

(Prodigy Entertainment, DVD £15.99)

An alien parasite hungry for human hosts...
The infected rising from the dead, ravenous for brains...
A group of desperate misfits battling for survival...
...someone has a really bad travel agent!
a mind is a terrible thing to taste.
BRAIN DEAD
18

Fancy being whisked back to the 80's? Well, the promise of regaining our youth aside, us neither. But *Brain Dead* perfectly captures both the corn and thrills of early 80's horror, with plenty of gore, an unlikely assembly of people, pretty girls in tight tops and shorts, screaming, hyperbole and more gore. After a tiny meteor hits fisherman Bill it turns into an alien life form that infects his brain with the zombie cannibal results you might expect. Cue several people screaming their lungs out in a remote fishing lodge. The cast is C-list, but this is much less cynical than the dismal *Scary Movie* series and has more relevance than some of the pointless recent 80's remakes. Best of all, you don't need to engage your brain. Or your dead brain.

★★★★

Bathory
(Metrodome, DVD £15.99)

The story of Elizabeth Bathory is an old one, but also one skewed by time. Best known to us from the schlocky classic *Countess Dracula*, but her real guilt in a rumoured 650 murders was never proven and the numbers were also disputed. Anna Friel puts in a fine performance as the lead in this relatively tasteful treatment of the life and death of Bathory, although how much meat is put on the historical bones is still open to interpretation. ★★★★

We've kindly been given 5 copies of the DVD to give away. To win one, simply email us at *clubint@paulraymond.com* and tell us the soap in which Anna Friel made her name.

Red
(Entertainment One, DVD £19.99, Blu-ray £24.99)

In 2010, the old guard shook off the cobwebs. While some superannuated action stars drew on their last reserves of testosterone in *The Expendables*, Bruce Willis, Morgan Freeman, Helen Mirren and John Malkovich were showing they could still hack it in the world of espionage in *Red*. It's a slight film, to be frank, and won't stand up to repeated viewings, but it's an enjoyable and good-natured tale based on a DC graphic novel. Willis et all are retired CIA operatives now deemed dispensable and due for disposal, who dodge assassins while they plan the biggest job of all – breaking into CIA headquarters. It's what the word 'yarn' was invented for. ★★★

The Larry Sanders Show: The Complete Series
(Mediumrare, £99.99)

After releasing two separate series of long unavailable *Larry Sanders Show* on DVD at the end of last year, Mediumrare have seemingly decided to cut to the chase and bung out the big box set of all 6 series in one go, rather than dripfeed it to us. And what a box it is – 15 discs, 89 episodes of one of the finest comedies in history. Garry Shandling, Rip Torn and Jeffrey Tambor are the core of the show, but it's also great to see the likes of Jeremy Piven, Sarah Silverman and that bloke that plays Hodges in *CSI* cut their teeth. The only downside is the paucity of the extras. It's nice to have it all, at last, but it still feels a touch incomplete. ★★★★★

Lexx
(Mediumrare £69.99)

We were racking our brains as to why we'd never heard of this sci-fi series until we discovered it was a Canadian/German co-production which was shown on Channel 5 over here. That explains it. Or maybe it was the lack of an A-list cast: the leading roles are taken my Michael McManus, Brian Downey and Xenia Seeburg. Exactly. But it's not without its charms, and the concept of the Lexx itself, an organic space craft that needs to eat, is a fresh one. And unlike much by-the-numbers sci-fi, this is quite racy, with plenty of sexiness and adult themes. At 19 discs, it's a big ask, but having no clue as to this show's existence before, it's a nice way to get acquainted with a quirky, underrated show. ★★★★

book club
Bedside and bogside fodder...

Explosive Sex!
Richard Emerson (Carlton £14.99)

Okay, so we're a touch late for Valentine's day, but perhaps this book will serve you better a few days after, especially if you've cocked it right up by going to the pub with your mates rather than travelling home with flowers. There's always some repetition in these books, and cross-over with the genre's other titles – Emerson himself has written some – but this benefits from a step-by-step approach that doesn't leave you scratching your head as to what he's getting at. Us? We liked the strip search on page 104. As soon as the wife is talking to us again after that Valentine's day fiasco...

The New Kama Sutra
Richard Emerson (Carlton Books £9.99)

If there was ever a sex book that needed updating, it was the *Kama Sutra*. The original is one of those supposed canonical classics that can't be touched, when in fact it is largely impractical and unwieldy. The prolific Emerson has boiled it down into a much handier volume that combines practical considerations with more spiritual touches in keeping with the original. Okay, you may well come across a bit 'Sting' with some of these moves, but anything that helps spice up sex is fine with us.

Bob Dylan: The Stories Behind the Songs 1962-1969
Andy Gill (Carlton Books £9.99)

As the proliferation of dad-rock magazines on the middle shelf proves, there's no sating people's appetite for tales of music's past. This reviewer can't bear Bob Dylan, for example, but for fans of the overrated legend, this is perfect reading. Ranging from the eponymous *Bob Dylan* album to *Nashville Skyline*, this covers 8 years and 10 albums of pretty extraordinary creativity, and Andy Gill is an admirable music writer. An interestig delve behind the songs.

David Bowie: The Stories Behind the Classic Songs 1970-1980
Chris Welch (Carlton Books £9.99)

By any standards, David Bowie's 1970's output is staggering and laden with classics: *Diamond Dogs*, *Aladdin Sane*, *Hunky Dory*, *The Man who Sold the World*, *Low*, *Heroes*, *Ziggy Stardust* – and this just scratches the surface of his prolific output. Chris Welch does a good job of cramming plenty of information about a vast amount of music into a slim volume, sifting the well known stories, the apocrypha and some juicy nuggets as Bowie constantly reinvents himself. ♣

GONGS & DONGS!

We bring you the form on the runners and riders at this year's Television X Shafta awards. Vote with your dick. Well, not literally…

SHAFTA

Best New Starlet Nominees

Last year's Shafta awards were a real blast. Lots of top porn girls running around holding big phallic trophies, drink flowing freely – what's not to like? Firm favourites like Angel Long and Syren Sexton went home happy and horny, and they're in the running for awards this year as well. But we thought we'd cast our appraising glance over the Best New Starlet Nominees.

Megan Coxxx

This stunning 21-year-old from Notts has already made a big splash as a *Club* readers' girlfriend – and we made a big splash too, we readily admit – and now she's doing it on-screen as well. She's a star in the making, and you can check out her skills in *What Billi Did Next 1* and *Leather Freaks 4*. And in a recent *Club*, obviously…

SHAFTA

Best New Starlet Nominees

Carmen Jay

This slutty blonde, formerly known as Brooke, has put her tattooed arse on the line in the likes of *Road Warriors 4* and *Fantasies of Rubber 2*. She reminds our somewhat fanciful designer Jon of Sarah Harding from Girls Aloud. Works for us…

Hannah Shaw

Our spies tell us that Hannah Shaw is 19 and from Brighton. But then our spies also tell us that the Russians are building up their army at the Welsh border, so that could be utter bobbins. What's for certain is that when we watch the brunette fuck – as in her cracking scene with Katie K in *Deadly Sins of Mistress Sinclair 2* – we get the urge to join in. With messy results.

Stacey Lacey

Repping hard for Wales, Cardiff cutie Stacey Lacey is at home in Paul Raymond magazines as she is on the business end of a dick in adult films. The 22-year-old has already worked with a legend of the game in *Ben Dover's Loose Women 3*, and vamped it up in TV spoof *Fang Bang 3*. We'd definitely sink our teeth into her.

Lexi Ward

Lexi is an all-natural and very bubbly Geordie in her mid-twenties who has been fucking up a storm for the past couple of years. Her work in *What Billi Did Next 3* and *Filthy Gob 4* – as well as in hardcore movies for the likes of Harmony – prove she's got what it takes to give us a right aching lob-on.

Vote now at www.televisionx.com/shafta

PAUL RAYMOND PUBLICATIONS

10 GREAT MAGS ON SALE TODAY

SUBSCRIBE NOW!

DOWNLOAD DIGITAL MAGS NOW @ PAULRAYMONDSUBS.COM

SAVE 25% ON COVER PRICE

I WOULD LIKE TO SUBSCRIBE TO THE FOLLOWING MAGAZINES:

Club International	(13 ISSUES)	£36.75	☐
Mayfair	(13 ISSUES)	£36.75	☐
Men Only	(13 ISSUES)	£36.75	☐
MensWorld	(13 ISSUES)	£36.75	☐
Just Girls	(13 ISSUES)	£36.75	☐
Escort	(13 ISSUES)	£33.75	☐
Razzle	(13 ISSUES)	£33.75	☐
Swingmag.co.uk	(9 ISSUES)	£25.50	☐
Club DVD	(9 ISSUES)	£40.50	☐
Escort DVD	(9 ISSUES)	£33.75	☐
Escort XXX	(5 ISSUES)	£14.95	☐
Best of Mayfair	(4 ISSUES)	£13.50	☐
Best of Men Only	(5 ISSUES)	£16.85	☐
Best of Club	(4 ISSUES)	£13.50	☐
Escort RW	(4 ISSUES)	£11.95	☐
Mayfair Lingerie	(4 ISSUES)	£13.50	☐
Best of MensWorld	(4 ISSUES)	£13.50	☐
Razzle Extreme	(4 ISSUES)	£11.95	☐
Razzle RW	(5 ISSUES)	£14.95	☐
Razzle MILF	(5 ISSUES)	£14.95	☐

SUBSCRIPTION DELIVERY DETAILS:

Title:____ First Name:_____ Surname:_____

Address:_____

_____ Postcode:_____

Country:_____

Telephone:_____ Mobile:_____

Email:_____

PAYMENT DETAILS:

Total amount payable: £_____

VISA ☐ MASTERCARD ☐ AMERICAN EXPRESS ☐ DELTA / MAESTRO ☐

CHEQUE (made payable to PAUL RAYMOND PUBLICATIONS)

CARD NUMBER: ☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐

VALID FROM: ____ /____ EXPIRY DATE: ____ /____

ISSUE NO: _____ SECURITY CODE: _____ (LAST THREE DIGITS)

SIGNATURE: _____ Date: _____

Fill in this form and send it to: SUBSCRIPTIONS, PO BOX 6846, Finchfield, Essex, CM7 4WG. OR YOU CAN CALL THE HOTLINE ON 01371 811 299

FOR INTERNATIONAL SUBSCRIPTIONS CALL +44 1371 811 299.
YOU CAN ALSO SUBSCRIBE ONLINE AT WWW.PAULRAYMONDSUBS.COM

ALL MAGAZINES WILL BE SENT IN A DISCREET PLAIN SEALED ENVELOPE AND YOUR STATEMENT WILL ONLY SHOW PAUL RAYMOND PUBLICATIONS LTD. TO PROTECT YOUR PRIVACY. SUBSCRIPTION STARTS FROM THE FIRST ISSUE AFTER YOUR PAYMENT HAS CLEARED.

We will use the contact details supplied to communicate with you regarding your subscription. Please tick if you do not wish to receive information about other products and services from Paul Raymond Publications by phone ☐ by post ☐ or other carefully screened companies by phone ☐ by post ☐. Please tick if you would like to receive information or offers from Paul Raymond Publications by email ☐. Please tick if you would like to receive information or offers from carefully screened companies by email.

CAN'T FIND YOUR COPY IN THE SHOPS? PLEASE CALL 01895 433700 OR VISIT PAULRAYMONDSUBS.COM

INCLUDING MAYFAIR CLASSICS FROM 70'S, 80'S & 90'S

PEACHES

The place to be for the world's dirtiest backdoor sex stories, where every girl gets a bum deal...

BACKDOOR BINGE!

I love anal sex so much! Don't get me wrong; I love any kind of sex, any time, anywhere – full stop! But there's nothing in the world quite like a fat veiny cock reaming your arsehole. Anal simply takes me to the heights of sexual pleasure. Why, I swear I've become addicted to it! Where I once used to regard it as a special treat, these days I view it as an essential condition of my human rights!

My bloke can be mean, and often makes me beg for it. How he laughs before he drills my dirtbox! I remember the first time Tony and I tried it. One night we'd got back from a party feeling particularly horny, and it wasn't long before we were hard at it. I've always loved how Tony finger-fucks my bumhole while slurping at my wet cunt as a prelude to the big stuff. And this time I decided it was about time I knew the feeling of his gorgeous man-meat thrust inside my cute arse.

So, taking him by surprise, in the heat of the moment, I begged him to fuck my arse and fill it with cum. Believe me, Tony didn't need asking a second time! I quickly got on all fours, presenting my buttocks to Tony. His tongue and hot breath felt so good on my arsehole. He played tongue kung fu with my puckered sphincter, then got in position to pound away. I felt his fingers go deep into my wet lovebox, and he began pumping me, getting his fingers so creamy. Then he pulled his soaking fingers out, and started to massage my A-hole.

Moaning with pleasure, I pushed back towards him. Soon I could hear him lubing up his cock. This was it – I was so turned on I would have let him do anything! Tony's smooth cock-head pressed against my brown eye. Now I was a little nervous but at the same time desperate to have him in there.

Tony grabbed my hips and plunged deep into me. Gasping, I felt his huge tool pulling slowly out after that first thrust into my tight arsehole. At first I felt a curious mixture of pleasure, shame and doubt that I'd be able to take Tony's cock.

> "A few times we've used a dildo in my pussy while he shafted my bum"

Uncharacteristically sensitively, Tony held his cock steady in my arse for a while as I got used to the feeling. Then, when I found myself eager for more, I eased back against him to more fully accommodate his rock-hard knob. Spreading my buns wide with his hands, Tony expertly withdrew slightly, then slowly slid all the way into me.

"Oh God," I breathed, pushing myself back onto him and begging him – for the first of many times – to ram his rod in harder.

"Your arse is even tighter than your creamy cunt… makes me want to shoot my load right now!" Tony whispered in my ear as he kept up the pace, sending me into an amazing orgasm. He pumped me hard, until I felt him start to tense.

"Yeah – fill me up with your spunk," I told him, and that made him lose his load deep into my bumhole. It felt like a tidal wave of jizz, and I came again, my sphincter spasming around Tony's pulsating prick. It was more intense than anything I'd ever experienced before. And after Tony pulled out his cock, I thought the spunk would never stop dribbling out of my gaping hole.

Now we're both anal addicts! The intimacy of these dirty little escapades makes us closer. Tony loves the tightness of my arse, and I love how big and hard his dick feels. My favourite is when he's slamming my anus deep, and his balls are slapping rhythmically against my sopping snatch. I'll play with my clit, coating his balls with my juice. I always want Tony to fuck my arse all night long like that. A few times we've also used a dildo up my pussy while he shafted my bum, which is such a full feeling!

Now it drives me crazy when my man gives my pussy a good rimming, as I know he's warming me up for a close encounter of the anal kind. So all you anal greenhorns out there – don't miss out on a really intense kind of pleasure. Give your other half a ticket for the A train, and neither of you will ever look back!
Lindsay, Mansfield

CANDY CRAMMED!

I'm the kind of man who pretty much keeps himself to himself. For that reason I don't have many friends, but of the few I do have, Fred is my best mate. One Saturday afternoon I was having a quiet pint at a local pub when a fit babe sidled up to me and said, "Hi, I'm Candy. Want some company?"

"I thought people only talked like that in the movies," I replied. "But yes, I'd be delighted if you joined me. What's your poison?"

"Cock!" she said.

"I assume you mean cock as in cocktail?"

"Cocktail? Only in that I mean cock as in what's growing between your legs as you ogle my boobs, and tail as in where I want you to stick your cock and fuck me until I beg for mercy!" We didn't bother with a drink.

Back at her place we got straight down to business. Pressing Candy up against the hallway wall, I cupped my hands over her tits, squeezing them until her swollen nipples

looked like red cherries. She undid my jeans, and I shook them to the floor and kicked them off. Then she dropped to her knees and started wanking my prick. Although I was already at maximum hardness, and throbbing like hell, I only let her jiggle my dick for a few moments before I grabbed her by the shoulders and pushed her flat on her back.

I clamped my mouth onto one of her erect nipples and slid my hand between her legs. She parted her thighs to let me slip three fingers right up her juicy cunt, gasping as I started hammering them in and out. But she too wanted more.

"Your cock!" she shouted. "I want your cock in me – now!"

I immediately stopped the finger action, pulled her legs either side of my head and over my shoulders, and slammed my meat into her. "Oh yes!" she cried. "Your monster cock is stretching my cunt so wide!"

Eager to make Candy howl even louder, I pressed my right thumb into her arsehole as I ploughed my hard-on deeper and faster into her juice-gushing cunt. When her pussy suddenly started spasming wildly on and off my dick, I knew she was about to cum. As indeed was I. And the second she squirmed and started squealing like a stuck pig on my cock, I pulled out and splattered her scrunched-up face with my load. As my goo dribbled down to her lips, Candy opened her mouth, stuck out her tongue and lapped it up.

Then, quite unexpectedly, she said, "You got a mate who will fuck me too?"

"You're kidding me," I answered, in complete amazement.

"I'm disappointed in you," she said with a wry grin. "You ought to know that a cock-crazy bitch like me would have no qualms about openly asking for it when my cunt gets a craving."

"Okay. I'll be right back," I replied.

I called Fred, who was the only person I thought would have the balls to come over and fuck Candy. Candy and I drank beer until Fred showed up half an hour later. Answering the door to him, she said, "I hope you're as big as your friend John, and... I hope you don't have a problem banging my cunt while he bangs my arse."

I must admit, when I heard Candy's proposition I had no idea that's what she had in mind. But like I said, I'm somewhat of a loner – so I take any offer of pussy or arse I can get.

Minutes later Fred was naked on the living room floor, and Candy was lowering her twat down onto his huge dick. On my floor! When she had his cock wedged up her cunt to the max, she flattened herself against his chest and stuck her bum in the air. Taking the hint, I grabbed it firmly by the cheeks, spat on her sphincter and popped the head of my dick inside. Candy moaned. I pushed deeper until I too was inside her to the max. It was like a tight glove tensing around my dick, squeezing it. Then she said, "Okay, studs – drill me!"

It was awkward at first, but Fred and I soon found our rhythm, and slammed that slut relentlessly until she screeched, "Oh my fucking good God!" Candy exploded in ecstasy, juice gushing from her gash, as both Fred and I emptied our jizz inside her holes. Yes, that was a pretty good day!

John, Brixton ♣

Got a tale to contribute to Club's arse archive?

£50

Send your bum banter to:

Peaches, Club International, 3rd Floor, 207 Old Street, London EC1V 9NR

or you can e-mail them to us at

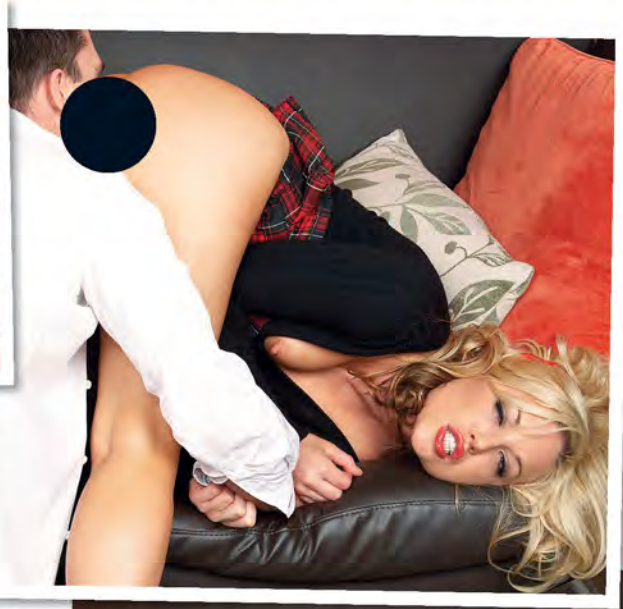
clubint@paulraymond.com.

There's £50 for every letter we print, don't worry, we'll change all the names to protect the not-so-innocent!

SCRUFF JUSTICE!

Movies that won't be troubling the Oscar jury...

RATINGS: ★ KRISS KROSS ★★ KROSSROADS ★★★ MOTOKROSS ★★★★ HOT KROSS BUNS ★★★★★ KAYDEN KROSS



Kayden's College Tails
(Adam & Eve)

Don't be fooled into thinking this 'hangs together' as a narrative, it doesn't. It's just a bunch of college-themed sex scenes, a couple of which star Kayden Kross, who was Adam & Eve's contract girl, before she moved onto Digital Playground. But I don't begrudge A & E cashing in, after all they turned Kayden from an average, glacial performer into a big sex star. Her scenes bookend the movies, and they're both boy/girl – first with James Deen, then with Toni Ribas. In the middle, the all-American college theme is worked adequately, with Alanah Rae and Brooke Lee Adams actually looking like they're of college age, rather than the mature students you normally get in these situations.
★★★

Indecent Exposure 2
(Harmony)

You know what you're getting from Harmony by now: Girls that are definitely on the 'babe' end of the scale getting doinked in inappropriate holes by large-dicked Euro studs in somewhat murky environs. And even when the girls are veering more toward the 'ponky' end of that scale, they make up for it by doing incredibly rude things with holes you didn't know were even in existence. There are no big names here, but there are plenty of examples of those things I mentioned: babes, holes, doinking. In that very order. ★★★★

Passport
(Digital Playground)

Female casts don't come much better than this. Hungarian hottie Aletta Ocean – complete with her killer eyes and love of anal – heads it up, but bum-queen Alexis Texas, ginger-nut-emptier Faye Reagan, bum-banging Brit McKenzie Lee and just plain hot Andy San Dimas provide more than adequate back-up. I can tell because my balls used to be there, and now they're not. The plot? Dunno, don't care. Sorry, but did you see that list of women who are doing sexy stuff in it? You try paying attention to plot.
★★★★

WEAR IT'S AT... CLOBBER!

WRITING: DAN GREENPEACE (twitter.com/dangreenpeace)

Club's very own dapper Dan gets shirty with Sasha and rounds up the latest threads...

There's just something special about seeing the sultry Sasha in denim. I'll let you into a secret, after she's modelled the clothes for *Club* I get to keep them. How about that for a perk of the job? So when I got this pretty special Carhartt x A.P.C. I was tempted to give it a good sniff in some *Brokeback Mountain* kinda way. You have to have seen the film to get that joke.

I'm a big fan of French denim brand A.P.C. and even more so of their collaborations. The Carhartt collection was inspired with subtle tweaks to their trademark heavy workman denim such as jackets, shirts and jeans without overstating the A.P.C. logo. The collaboration shines through in the design

and simplicity, but be quick because these capsule collections sell out pretty damn quickly (£125.00 *www.apc.fr*). Last year they also collaborated with Nike for their All Court Low Vintage sneaker and look out for a forthcoming collaboration with the classic Vans Chukka Boot.

For more Denim action in the spring months check out the latest collaboration between the UK's own Maharishi and New York graffiti legend Futura 2000 which incorporates his trademark Pointman and Atomic Ring designs into the Maharishi Bonsai camo patterns (£190.00 *www.maharishistore.com*).

G-Shock has become something of an everyday style statement. Fair enough, you may not want to trade in your Rolex just yet but you also don't want to wear your money. Especially when it was bought for a tenner from Bangkok flea market. The latest range of G-Shocks are right up my street, some colours are subtle and some are downright

> **"New Balance have gone from a marathon must have to a wardrobe staple"**

outlandish but it's the monochromatic variations that caught my eye. Perfect as an everyday style statement or, as they were actually designed, for sports (£60.00-£190.00 *www.watchshop.com*).

Here at *Club* HQ we like to support homegrown brands and one sportswear company particularly proud of their British manufacturing roots are New Balance. Interestingly enough they're based in a small town called Flimby in the Lake District. They've been given the retro treatment time and time again and in recent years they've gone from a marathon must have to becoming a wardrobe staple. The latest from NB's 'Made In England' range grabbed my attention with the green colourway and orange detailing (£69.00 *www.endclothing.co.uk*).

Finally, I've found the perfect jacket to go with the New Balance shoes. When popular Japanese street brand A Bathing Ape launched in 1993 they were quickly noted for their now infamous '1st Camo' design. Some 18 years later they've incorporated that iconic print into their new Spring/Summer range, pictured is the BAPE 1st Camo Lightweight Jacket, a must for paintballers and street ballers alike (£250.00 *eu.bape.com*). ♣

A.P.C
Carhartt/APC
£125
A.P.C

PHOTOS: LOBOPRESS

HAMMOCK THE WEEK! ♣

Vicki is happy to hang out with you...

Vicki just loves her garden. When she last graced our pages, at the end of 2010, she was sprawled out in it catching some rays. Now she's doing exactly the same thing, but on her hammock this time, and wearing different clothes, naturally. But that bloody gnome is still there.

"You've got to love the gnome!" she laughs. "I even talk to it when I'm doing the gardening."

Hmmm.

"Everyone talks to themselves. Luckily, the gnome doesn't talk back. If it could talk, it'd tell you some pretty crazy things! No-one overlooks my garden, so when I'm lounging around in my hammock, I often bring a toy out with me and maybe a porn mag too. What could be better than getting a tan while I play with myself? The only one that gets to see my fingers or dildo going in and out of my pussy is the gnome."

That little bastard... ♣

VICKI

What our well-placed moles are telling us this month...

DOWN THE WIRE

'If You're Really A Poof We Need To See Proof'

In the homophobic Turkish military, homosexuality is the only disqualifier from compulsory service for able-bodied men. But now not only has a zero tolerance policy for funny-boys been decreed, but the Armed Forces of what remains of the once-great Ottoman Empire have started demanding rigorous proof that anyone applying for exemption from service by claiming to be gay is really as seriously bent as they say they are.

Swirly face not pictured.

Military gay-bashing is fairly rare in NATO nowadays, but the Turkish armed forces have drawn a line in the sand at strawberry touching. Recently, many gay men seeking exemptions have reported that they were ordered to verify their claims by producing witnesses to their homosexual acts, or by photographing themselves 'fully engaged'. More humiliating yet, in order to convince the authorities, the conscript is required to be witnessed, photographed, or both, actually taking it up the Gary Glitter.

'I'm An Actual Panda... But What In Hell Are You?'

Members of a well-meaning conservation organization in China's Sichuan province, which routinely dresses its caregivers in panda suits in an effort to socialise baby pandas who have lost their mothers, (so that the babies do not become accustomed to humans) have been forced to rethink their approach when it was pointed out to them by animal behaviour experts that it was unlikely that the infant pandas were remotely taken in by the ridiculous panda suits.

Stool Pigeon Parrot

Sixty-two-year-old Gloria Clark of St. George, South Carolina was recently charged with the death of her 98-year-old mother after her old mum's corpse was found in squalid conditions at their home.

Despite Clark's repeated denials that she had been in any way neglectful, police felt the evidence supplied by the parrot in her mother's room suggested otherwise. According to the police report, the parrot still refuses to stop squawking – mimicking the mother's voice – "Help me! Help me!" These plaintive cries for help were followed by impersonations of the daughter's contemptuous laughter. At time of going to press it is not known whether or not the parrot will be present at the trial to give its evidence.

I'll sing like a canary!

Thank Me For The Music

Forty-year-old petty felon Dennis Davis and his missus were recently convicted in Staines Magistrates' Court after they were found to have manufactured a line of pirated music CDs. Earlier, Davis had vehemently denied ownership of the pirated stash... until wily police asked him to explain why the CDs bore his company's label with Davis' own photo on it.

What's In A Name?

The US Green Party is frequently criticised for its overrepresentation of whites and upper-income people – hardly surprising given that they are much less likely to be adversely affected by the added costs of the environmental protections they lobby for.

Recently, however, a typographical error triple underscored this aspect of the Green Party's political membership. Dapper party bigwig Rich Whitney, candidate for governor of Illinois, was horrified to note that the sample ballot for the forthcoming gubernatorial election mistakenly displayed his name as 'Rich Whitey'.

Calls For Teacher To Be Disciplined

Ultra politically correct hysteric, headmistress Vicki Parsley, gobsmacked and angered parents of the 450 pupils (aged 3 to 11) at Welwyn Garden City's Applecroft primary school by handing out individualised yearbooks with all the children's faces obscured by black bars over the eyes (except for photos of the recipient's own children).

The 'precautions' have been described by more than one parent as 'creepy', but Headmistress Parsley defended her actions, protesting that she feared that clear photos of children would inevitably end up in child pornography circles. The good Ms Parsley is already well-known to the UK press for having prohibited parents from taking photographs of their kids or any others during school plays on the grounds that to do so was to make the little darlings targets for child molestation. ♣

ISSUE 40.4
ON SALE
MARCH 25th
2011

NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISSUE • NEXT ISS

SHE'S SHAY, YOU SPRAY!

MISS LAREN SAYS READY, AIM AND FIRE!

Eve Angel spreads her wings for Susane. Heavenly!

Roxanna, you don't have to put on the red light. No, seriously...

Our very own Sasha works the angles!

PRP | PAUL RAYMOND PUBLICATIONS

MEMBER LOGIN JOIN NOW

Home Magazines Photosets Videos The Girls Awards PRP Live

FREE SIGNUP

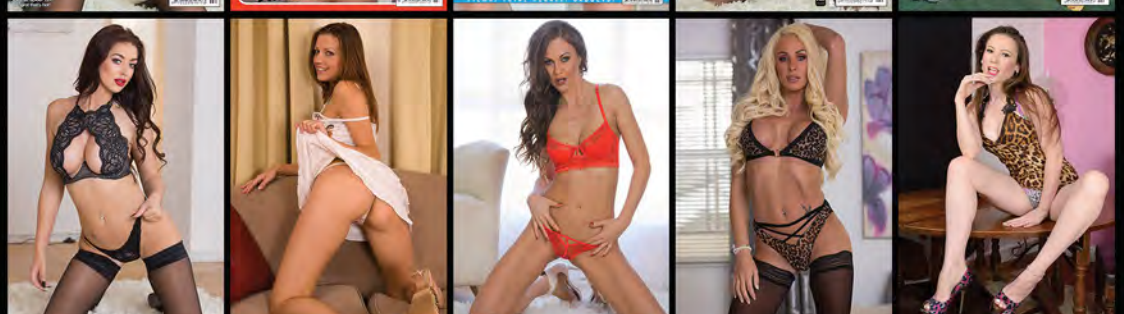
Choose ANY digital Magazine, Video & Photo Set absolutely FREE

SIGN UP NOW

...or go ALL INCLUSIVE!

ALL Digital Magazines* Included

ALL Photo Sets and videos Included



* ALL digital Magazines from the date of subscritpion purchase included